

5/13/68

Dear Dottie-

You shoulda been here! I got up my usual early hour this a.m. and while struggling into my robe found a cotton-tail lil' rabbit eating the dandelions within 10 feet of the window, totally undisturbed by the bleary-eyed, early-morning apparition. He stayed there while I grabbed the movie camera and munched contentedly for it until it clicked on the end of the roll, waited accomodatingly while I grabbed the 35 and shot perhaps 10, and now, ten minutes later, while the tea is steeping, is still enjoying what he must regard as a hearty repast, full of trust and tameness. I fear there was not enough light! That's what we have here all the time. My great regret is not being able to afford a long lens for the automatic 35 to catch the birds better. Same with them, oughta be a good photographer for these things. They're wonderful to look and marvel at, a blessing of peace is a hard life.

But the real reason for this letter is to tell you I have heard nothing from your friend at Pyramid, which is okay, for I came across the most totally fantastic part of this entire story and have been overly-busy on that. I'd not have had time to use the copy of the ms if I'd had it. If you read what I've been living through in Ian Fleming you say, "Well, ~~what~~ he stretched that one a bit", and I've got it all on tape, perhaps 25 hours of dialogue (really, sh!-not a word to anyone) with a young woman agent of the other side, who I seduced (intellectually, natch) into defection. What a story it will make! But don't try and sell it; I want her to live.

At this moment she awaits her 12th operation in less than a year from an almost-successful hit-run "accident". I am about to leave to join her, stopping en route to make a few speeches and broadcasts. She phoned a little after midnight last night to announce the early-morning surgery. Typically, she is breaking in a new hospital. When an operation loomed as a need she had about decided to convalesce with us. The emergency, which will confine her to bed for six weeks, will keep my copy 1200+ miles away. But wouldn't that 've been a switch, ^{LIVE} copy in the office! LIVE. And what an incredible LIVE! Some day, when it is safe, I'll tell you. However, this may still be the major break in the case. Time will tell.... and when I toldja CIA, like always, I toldja right. Survival has been the big problem. I think I have written enough half-mil insurance policies, have them transcribed, copies safely away elsewhere.

However, the trip I leave on tnx is not quite like the adjoining-rooms arrangements made earlier. We still plan for me to get her, in a car, from the hospital, and take her away. That is her plan. The doctors may alter it for her. I suspect, with the nature of the surgery, she may not then be able to move, although I hope otherwise. If she cannot, this will not be my first hospital interviews, for I've six hours of them on tape with Hall, who should, as a consequence of that verbal ISP, just be finishing his meow cuppas in N.C. He said he was flying up here to see me again, but I've gotta keep these commitments, one of which pays all my expenses for two more weeks of field investigations. On Hall's tape, I have the clinking of his 45, hidden from the government officials who ran that hospital. I don't know what this kid (brown belt and less than 100 lbs.) will have. I've seen her commando-knife demonstrations (with the knife sheathed down the back and drawn oh! so fast!) and understand she still has her C.I. Walther PBK, a rather tricky and photogenic weapon.

None of this self-indulgence, which herewith ends, has to do with the purpose of this letter. Now I must prepare for the other things I will not do while I cannot be with this chick. Oh, I must tell you this: she drives, if that is an adequate description, a Honda 90. I photographed her where I last saw it: with her mounted, in the courtyard of the swanky motel, leaning against the wall of my room, next to the swimming pool. At 5 a.m. she drove it right in! I'm trying to bring pictures back to Lil, and boy, were these pictures! of the most improbably government agent (I'll call one chapter Matless Hari), with the most incredible story. But hows that for a stitch over those fastbuckfeet-backs, a very yellow Honda 90! Quite seriously, even the overtones here are major. Having failed with the college kids and foundations, your ever-resourceful Uncle is back to the cradles. I've got the essence of the story of high-school recruiting, scholarships thrown in! They use the kids as agents within the US, in open violation of the law, calling it "training"!

Again, the purpose: I will be back about the end of the month. Aside from what always stacks up and is an awful burden every return, I have a somewhat special requirement that will occupy me for several days: I've given your good friend and mine, Mark Lane, half of the last of a series of three-hour shows on UHF in Washington to push his new book. Good Greek that I am, I postponed this show for a month to accomodate his release date. I shall bear him appropriate gifts, June 4, Channel 14. Please, they have no taping facilities, can you have a good one made off the air for me? It is a Tuesday, 7 pm. We are in their fringe, with no picture and undependable sound, so Lil won't be able to. I have a hunch I'll want that tape.

So, while I did want that copy of the ms to have worked on for the past two weeks, I couldn't have used it. Nor will I be able to for the next two. However, about June 6 or 7, by that weekend, certainly, I will require it. Aside from those many new sensations I have for the postscript and the eclogue I planned when I wrote you and when we spoke, I've now got more, from your good friend (not mine) Booby. And not Booby alone. You see, because they know I am the devil who loves scripture, all the things I ~~xxxx~~ now dredge up are reclassified or denied me, quite improperly, until they can be leaked to the right incompetent, who will not even have to be steered into a whitewash. However, once they do this, they cannot deny me my copies. Aside from documenting this, as I have, over the right signatures, I also have what had been suppressed. So, what that goof (very good where he knows his business but stupid here) Wise missed in his SatevePost bit on the Commission's executive sessions, I have. It is totally confirmatory of the text written without benefit of it and much, much more. New and major scandals. It will make the hottest book even hotter, I think the hottest one ever.

If your friend is not sufficiently impressed with the content from the radical point of view, the one other person who has seen this, and a small part of my documentation, is Pathologist Dr. John Nichols, the man who proved JFK was an Addisonian. He is at the University of Kansas. I'll be spending Thursday night with him. They can call him for an opinion. He is trying to arrange for some of the collateral rights to go to medical sources. Ever hear of launching a book thataway? I am more than ever convinced that the switch Rutner had in mind for the first book, then to distribute the underground original, would be very profitable here, especially, with what I have, in an election year. I think Lyronid can do with some of my documents, in magazines, what I cannot. They are that hot-and that lucid. Like the right white House "approval" of all that is wrong with the autopsy, and in writing! But not LIFE. With them it would be blackmail, if you can read this. So, regardless of their decision, I would like it in my hands, registered mail, by June 10, June 11 at latest.

Sincerely,